

THE QUIVER

Saturday, April 28, 1866.



Drawn by W. SMALL.]

[Engraved by W. J. LINTON

A ST. GILES'S "TRANSLATOR."—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

THE DEEPER DEPTH:

OR, SCENES OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE VERY POOR.—NO. VII.

IN the year 1694 seven new streets, radiating from a common centre, in which was erected a Doric column with as many sun-dials on it, were constructed in St. Giles's by a Mr. Neale, who introduced lotteries into London, in imitation of those of Venice." Fourscore years later this column was taken down, in the hope of finding a large sum of money supposed to be concealed

beneath it. The search was ineffectual, but the pillar was not replaced, and it now ornaments the common at Weybridge. The poet Gay has depicted, in his "Trivia," the appearance of the Seven Dials in 1712, and the hopeless confusion of unlettered countrymen in such a neighbourhood :—

"Where famed St. Giles's ancient limits spread
An in-railed column rears its lofty head ;
Here to seven streets seven dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewildered, trudges on from place to place.
He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,
Tries every winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again."

The old Rookery was swept away by New Oxford Street, while many of the remaining streets have received fresh names: thus Gibbet Lane is now Charles Street; Dyot, George Street; and Monmouth, Dudley Street. The last-named has long been celebrated as an emporium for second-hand clothes—"the burial-place of the fashions." "A Monmouth Street laced coat" was a byword, in the last century. Here you may see garments of every size and description fluttering in the wind, the original owners of which have long since passed away; while the cellars are occupied by a race of hard-featured, grim-faced, toil-worn men, called "translators"—not because they collate and decipher ancient manuscripts, but on account of their mending old boots and shoes—bought for a trifle, and which we should deem past all possible use—so as to make them wearable again. When "done up," and carefully polished, they are placed in rows on the pavement, and round the mouth of the cellar; while the "translator's" wife salutes the passers-by with "Buy a cheap pair to-day; buy a pair cheap to-day." Her praiseworthy attempts to effect a sale seem almost hopeless, so few are the persons in the street. Come here, however, on a Sunday morning, and, instead of wearing its present half-deserted aspect, it will be so crowded that you will scarcely be able to pass along the pavement.

The houses in Dudley Street are large, and, in some instances, curiously constructed. Traces of carving on the staircases and fireplaces show that originally they were occupied by families in very different circumstances from their present inhabitants. It is almost superfluous to add that they contain as many families as rooms, and that some of these families have several lodgers. The appearance of these houses outside is dilapidated and squalid enough, but this is nothing, compared with the wretchedness and misery within. In some of those rooms tragedies are enacted more fearful than any represented on the stage; in others there is destitution so utter, that, could those who ridicule

the sufferings of the very poor be brought here to witness them, they would become the subjects of emotions unfelt before. We freely admit that in many instances this extreme poverty is the result of drunkenness, and that it frequently goes hand in hand with crime. There are twenty-six public-houses and gin-palaces in and round the Seven Dials, and it is supposed that their united "takings" amount to at least £1,000 a week! There are men here so brutalised, that, to quote the very words of one of them, they "would as soon stick a knife into their wives as they would into a turnip." There are women so debased, that they have lost not only the instinctive delicacy of their sex, but all sense of morality and decency—women who send forth their boys to steal and drive their girls to lead infamous lives, in order that they may either be relieved of their maintenance, or receive the lion's share of their wretched gains. There are children, young in years but old in vice—children with the faces of angels, to whom evil has nothing left to reveal. There are thieves who know the inside of every prison in London, swell mobsmen, burglars, beggars, vagrants, and tramps of every description. But, intermingled with these criminal and dangerous classes, we meet with persons who once occupied good positions, and who endeavour to hide in the obscurity of this squalid neighbourhood their present privation.

In the same house where thieves and prostitutes are revelling, you will find families struggling nobly against accumulated misfortunes, working day and night to procure the means of bare subsistence, submitting without a murmur to almost incredible suffering, their chief, if not their only complaint being that they are forced to live amid such scenes of vice and to have such vicious companions.

In almost the first house we enter, a tailor and his wife are hard at work making police clothes, for which they are so badly paid, that it is a rare thing for them to be able, after the most strenuous efforts, to earn 12s. 6d. a week. They are now engaged upon a sergeant's tunic—the cloth is excellent, and it must be carefully made; for this they will be paid only 2s. 8d., the proper price being from 9s. to 12s. This poor man's father was in a large way of business in St. James's; but he squandered his property, and died without a shilling, while the slackness of trade and the burden of an increasing family have brought him to slop-work in a St. Giles's garret. We learn from him some of the practices that prevail in West End shops, which deserve exposure. It is customary, it would seem, for the "captain," or first man, to extort a weekly fee from those he is pleased to employ. This is called "paying for your seat," and it sometimes amounts to no less than 8s. a week. Then, even in some of the most fashionable establishments, where the aristocratic customers are told

that everything is made "on the premises," the "captain," unknown to his employer, gives out work to be made up in a filthy room, where some ten or twelve men and women tailors herd together, without the slightest regard for cleanliness, or decency, or morality; while the man who takes it home when finished, goes first to the "captain," and then, throwing off his coat and waistcoat, descends with it into the cutting-room, so that the foreman is led to believe that it has been done "up-stairs."

Knocking at another door, we enter a garret, almost bare, but very clean. An inventory of its furniture will not occupy much space. A broken-backed chair—the empty framework of the seat tied together with rope, a little table that positively refuses to stand unless supported by its worthy friend—the wall, a fragment of an old mattress—three feet long and eighteen inches wide, a small borrowed blanket, and nothing more. These are all the household goods of two families; the expense of maintaining such an establishment being beyond their individual resources, two poor but industrious women are vainly trying to bear it together. One of them, seated on the floor, is eating some bread, and onion, and salt with a relish that an epicure might envy; while the other has just returned from seeking some needle-work, and thanks our companion for having procured her the few clothes she has gone out in. But there are rooms in St. Giles's more scantily furnished than this. We have heard of one in which the landlord distrained for rent (the brokers are put in here to recover half-a-crown) and, although not an article had been removed, it contained nothing but three paving-stones, stolen from the street, no doubt, which the poor creatures used as seats by day and as pillows by night.

The family we next visit try to get a living by splitting up fire-wood for pipe-lights. They sell a bundle, that originally costs them a halfpenny, for two-pence; but the supply far exceeds the demand, and they often have to walk for miles without taking a penny.

This is Monmouth Court, connecting Dudley with Little Earl Street, "the region of song and poetry, first effusions and last dying speeches: hallowed by the names of Catnach and Pitts." The first-named realised a fortune of some £10,000 in printing broadsheets for the streets. This court is chiefly filled with "dolly shops," in which everything (no matter how it has been procured) is bought and sold. Some of the wares are displayed on a shutter or box outside—old keys, and even rusty screws, being arranged as carefully as if they were jewels of the first water. Here the light-fingered gentry dispose of their booty, and that so quickly, that a person robbed in a neighbouring street might re-purchase his property within half

an hour. It is quite a common thing to see some twenty thieves playing cards on the landings of the staircase in these houses, intermingling with their gambling, oaths, obscenities, and blasphemies of the most fearful description. Every kind of rascality is practised here: the people seem descended from Ishmael, for their "hand is against every man," even of their own class. In other districts the poor help each other in their troubles; sometimes an article worth a shilling is raffled for by sixty persons, who have cheerfully paid sixpence each, and the proceeds given to some destitute or fever-stricken family; but here the poor rob the poor. The boys will descend by the rain-water pipe, from an upper window to the cellar, and steal the "translator's" leather; or if a room door be left unlocked, they will clear out everything movable and saleable in a few minutes. An honest Irishwoman told us that when she and her husband came back from "hopping," they found their room empty, with the exception of the bedstead and table. Soon afterwards she was confined, and she lay on that bedstead for a fortnight without attention of any kind (even her clothes were not removed) and without food. "The hunger, sir," she said, "went clean through my heart." The tailors are paid badly enough, but what shall we say of the shirt-makers? In St. Giles's at this moment there are hundreds of pale-faced women making soldiers' shirts, for which they are paid 2½d. each, out of which they must spend a farthing for needles and thread. Seeing that millions are voted yearly for the maintenance of the army, the government contracts ought not to be so framed as to cause this grinding down of the industrious poor. A woman must be quick with her needle, and work some sixteen or eighteen hours a day, to make three of these shirts. Can we wonder that so many rush from this semi-starvation to vice? In a small room we now enter lives a shoemaker, who has a large family. Every night it has some eight or ten occupants, who lie "promiscuous," as they say here, some on the bedstead, and the rest on the floor. Most of them have been convicted: a son is at this moment in Millbank Prison; a daughter returned yesterday from a reformatory. She is decently clad, and looks just fit for domestic service: but why the authorities have sent her back to her wretched home, instead of procuring a situation for her, passes our comprehension. She cannot be here twenty-four hours without becoming contaminated; nay, fair and plausible as her father's speech is to us, he will himself beat her into the streets, unless she can speedily find work and money. Enter this room very softly—

"There's one in this poor shed,
One by this paltry bed,
Greater than thou."

A poor woman is dying of rapid decline: her breathing tells us that "the plough is nearing the end of the furrow." Her husband died suddenly a few weeks ago, and since then she has not only been without "comforts," but often without food. More than once the doctor has had to send her bread, as well as medicine. Two kind neighbours are rendering such little services as are in their power; her children stop in their play to look on with wondering eyes. Little do they dream that in a very little while the workhouse will be their home, and pauper nurses their only friends. This gloomy scene has, however, one redeeming feature, which is bright as a rainbow painted on a black cloud. There is reason to believe that the devoted city missionary, kneeling in prayer at her bed-side, has not visited her in vain, and that she is sustained in life's last hours by a hope full of immortality.

Passing through *Five Dials*, we hear the sound of sacred music, and in a commodious, and admirably arranged building (formerly the Swiss Church) we find a number of poor women attending a "mothers' meeting." It is quite a pleasure to see them comfortably seated, busy at work, mending or making garments, while a kind friend plays on an excellent harmonium. A few ladies are present to advise and assist in cutting out. The interesting proceedings are brought to a close by singing and prayer. The hymn chosen is very beautiful, and its sweetness is enhanced by the wretchedness of the surrounding locality. The first verse runs thus:—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee;
O Lamb of God, I come."

An interesting and instructive article might be

written on the labours of the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, who conducts the services in this Mission Chapel, and who for some eighteen years has, with untiring energy, promoted the temporal and spiritual welfare of the poor in St. Giles's. It is not flattery to observe that Mr. M'Cree's adaptation to his arduous work is something remarkable, and that his talents are of no common order. He is not only respected and beloved by the congregation (Rev. Dr. Brock's) with which he is officially connected, and by those good men of all denominations who have the pleasure of knowing him, but also (and this he esteems most highly) by the poor degraded people in whose behalf his efforts are put forth. He has generally an audience of 500 persons, comprising beggars, thieves, bawd-men and prostitutes, who, knowing that he is their friend, listen most attentively to his exhortations. When they are in trouble, instinctively turning to him as their best helper, they seek his advice and abide by his decision. The coarsest ruffian submits quietly to his reproof. Infuriated combatants separate on his approach. If a hand were lifted against him, the owner of it would have to run for his life. If a new-comer seek to impose upon him, his "pals," at once expose the deceit—as they say—"Mr. M'Cree is so kind to us, it is a shame he should be cheated." The Bloomsbury and St. Giles's Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children, of which we hope to say something in a succeeding paper, originated in a great measure from his philanthropic labours. Would that hundreds of such men could be found, and sent into all the destitute and criminal districts of London, then would they speedily cease to be, what they are now, a reproach to the humanity and civilisation of the age.

(To be continued.) H. B. I.

THE SINLESSNESS OF JESUS.—I.

BY THE VERY REV. W. ALEXANDER, M.A., DEAN OF EMLY.

THEN the recorded conversations of Goethe, there is a singular testimony to the influence which the character of our Lord, as delineated by the evangelists, is calculated to produce upon a great mind, even when not distinctly Christian. "We find in the four gospels," he says, "the influence of that grandeur which is reflected from the person of Jesus Christ, as Divine as this earth could ever have been given to contemplate. It will be asked, if I am disposed to render him the worship of adoration? I reply, 'Yes—the most complete.' I bow myself before him, as being the Divine manifestation of the sublimest principle of morality." This passage appears to contain the germ of an argument which will carry us infinitely further than the misty

admiration of the great German. The Christian preacher ordinarily lays down the Divinity of our Lord, and deduces his sinlessness as its consequence—following the apostle's thought—"who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God." Perhaps we may find it instructive to invert the method: to establish his sinlessness, and argue up from it to his Divinity.

Let us steadfastly contemplate, at present, this subject: *the sinlessness of Christ*. Let us, first, establish it by its proper proofs; and, secondly, draw from it its natural conclusions.

I. The proper proofs of the sinlessness of Christ.

1. The types and direct dogmatic declarations of Holy Scripture.

The great general principle of the law in reference

to sacrifice was this: "Whatsoever hath a blemish, that shall ye not offer; for it shall not be acceptable for you" (Lev. xxii. 20). The offering of "a corrupt thing," of "the blind, the lame, and the sick," is sternly denounced as "evil" (Mal. i. 8, 13, 14). Of the paschal lamb, it was required that it should be "without blemish." This legal and ceremonial spotlessness finds its fulfilment in the moral spotlessness of the immaculate Lamb. "Ye know," says St. Peter, "that ye were redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot" (1 Peter i. 19).

Of direct dogmatic statements, we need cite only one or two: "In all points tempted as we are, yet without sin" (Heb. iv. 15); "Holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners" (Heb. vii. 26); "In him is no sin" (1 John iii. 5).

2. The witness of those who were hostile, or, at least, indifferent to our Lord.

The rude officers who were sent to apprehend our Lord owned, "Never man spake like this man." "Have thou nothing to do with that just man," was the warning message of Pilate's wife. "I am innocent of the blood of this just person," was the confession suggested to the weak proconsul by this warning. "This man hath done nothing amiss," said the penitent thief. "Certainly this was a righteous man. Truly this was the Son of God," exclaimed the centurion. We have one other witness, more remarkable still—the witness of one who had accompanied with the apostles all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among them—who had known him alike in the sweet and secret retirement of the garden over Kedron and in his more public teaching. If there be truth in the picture of human nature, drawn by one who has shaded it with a dark yet masterly pencil—"Whom you have injured you are sure to hate"—then was this man interested beyond all others in blackening the character of Christ. Yet the witness of Judas is, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." Such are his parting words before he takes that last awful leap in the dark—words whose echoes we can well suppose are even now ringing on in the region of lost spirits.

3. The witness of the consistent tones of the four gospels.

It is not merely said by the evangelists with a vague panegyric that this character was perfectly square and faultless; it is carried out into many of the details of every-day life. And in moral life, no less than in scientific pursuits, it is in descending to particulars that error generally emerges. Nor can it be alleged that the reverence of ages has spared the Holy One the insult of a prying criticism. The temptation, the cursing of the fig-tree, the destruction of the swine, his going up to the Feast of Tabernacles "not openly but as it were in secret," a supposed collision between the statements of duty

to God and to man, an asserted injudiciousness in setting the little child in the midst of the disciples, the sorrow of the redeeming anguish in Gethsemane, have at different times been pointed to by the enemies of Christ. But all the microscopic enmity of ages has never been able to show one spot upon the faultless whiteness of the marble, one sully breath upon the perfect purity of the mirror.

This holiness is never off its guard. Fear can never derogate from the calm of its majestic dignity. When Jesus "hid himself, and went out of the Temple" (John viii. 59), it is not a timid man crouching and cowering behind the pillars of the Temple; it is one who conceals himself from his sinful creatures, as the God who hideth himself does in nature. When he is suddenly awakened in the storm, he is sublimely tranquil. "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" The anguish of the dereliction which wrung out that cry from the altar-stairs of Calvary, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" is accounted for by the life-long "growing up before God" (Isa. liii.), to which a few hours of suspended communion were horrible. He can be angry: but his soul is no more defiled by it than water by agitation in a bed of living rock. Settled resentment against sin as sin must exist in the All Holy, but the fierce flaring of sudden indignation is fed by no grosser fuel. We may compare him in this respect with one of the holiest of his servants. When St. Paul was smitten on the mouth by the command of the high priest, he looked upon the hoary-headed hypocrite, clothed in his white raiment, and, the wild blood of ravening Benjamin for a moment boiling in his veins, exclaimed, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall." When the objection was raised, "Revilest thou God's high priest?" then said Paul, I wist not, brethren, that he was the high priest—that is, evidently, "I had not considered that he was the high priest"—but he immediately admits a transgression of the law: "Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people" (Acts xxiii. 5). But can we find any trace of this in the Divine words, or equally Divine silence, before Annas and Caiaphas—before Herod and Pilate?

In all Christ's virtues, too, you will observe a balance and adjustment. His earnestness never passes into fanaticism; his gentleness never degenerates into sentimental weakness. For all those nights spent in prayer, he has none of the hysterical rapture of the ecstatic. For all those days of labour, he has none of the bustling commonplace of busy benevolence.

Without entering now into the theological question of the possible ignorance of the Son of Man, no error can be brought home to his teaching. "Intellectual culture," says Goethe, "may make indefinite progress; the natural sciences may push forth their limits and gain in profundity and extent; the human

mind may expand as it will, but it will never surpass the moral culture of Christianity, as seen in the Gospel." This proof loses by condensation; it can only be seen at length. Only take one of those discourses, into whose clear depths eighteen centuries have gazed down, and have never seen the bottom! Consider, further, the mode of this teaching: it is not that of a theologian bolstering up his statements with precedents and authorities, "He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." His style is not that of the logician, with his tricks of fence; nor of the philosopher, with his intellectual exclusiveness; nor, again, of the demagogue, with his vulgar love of that which is *telling*. Even the utterances of apostles are separated by a great gulf from his. He says what he will, and says it without effort. All those things which astonish us, are familiar to him. Nothing amazes him, for nothing is great to him. The language of truth costs him nothing, because the source of truth is within him. He writes no books, and

condescends to no authorship, knowing that his words and his doctrine are written on the hearts of those who will record them.

But one of note, who can find no *positive error*, finds a *defect*. Perfect and peerless He owns it to be on the moral side; but on the side of art and science, of thought and power, short of the ideal of humanity. The few healings in Galilee are nothing to the achievements of positive science; the walking on the water is poor beside the railway and the steam-ship. Read Matt. viii., ix. consecutively, with that ascending scale of wonders—beginning with the victory over disease, near at hand or distant, the leprosy, the paralysis, the fever—passing through the calmed sea, and the dispossessed devils, till it finds its culminating point in forgiven sin and vanquished death—and judge which is truer, Strauss, or he who said that Christ "thought it not robbery to be equal with God."

(To be continued.)

THE LOST BIRTHDAY GIFT.

WHAT has gentle Katie lost?
That she lingers in the meadow,
On the soft grass looking down,
With hands upon her bosom crossed,
With a brow all dim with shadow;
Like the twilight o'er her thrown.

Katie wanders by the stream,
And a pearly tear falls in it;
For she fears a glossy curl,
With its dark and raven gleam,
Might be lying far within it—
Katie is a silly girl!

Maiden, dry those useless tears,
'Twas not set in golden gleaming—
'Twas not set in jewels rare,
Only in the hopes and fears—
In the misty childish dreaming
Of a young girl sweet and fair.

Sadly little Katie said,
Trying to speak most discreetly,
" 'Tis a Birthday Gift I've lost "—
Her soft cheek grew rosy red—
"And its value," she said, sweetly,
"Dwells in this, and not the cost."

Whose the hair, dear Katie, tell?
And I will look in the river;
Tell me why you prize it so,
And I'll search the meadows well,
Where the trembling aspens quiver—
Little Katie answered "No."

And next morning with her book,
Katie could not get on bravely;
Every word seemed but a sigh,
Every lesson a dim look;
Katie studied sad and gravely,
With a manner cross and shy.

I know not if Katie found
'Mid the pebbled sands her treasure;
But she happy grew, I ween,
By her voice of singing sound,
By her light step's airy measure:
Sorrow kills not at fifteen!

And I saw her once again—
Once again four summers after,
And she blushed "love's proper hue,"
And she could not quite restrain
The sweet river of her laughter,
Which her words came floating through.

Stood beside her with clear brow,
One whose locks seemed each the double
Of the lost one she had drowned
In the river long ago;
Weaving round her so much trouble;
Now I knew 'twas more than found.

Katie had no maiden wile,
Loved him fondly, loved him proudly;
And she whispered soft and low,
With a sunbeam of a smile,
That rippled into laughter loudly,
" 'Twas *his* Birthday Gift, you know."

D. L.

EASTER IN JERUSALEM.



HAD kept our own Easter-tide among the mountains of Edom. There where Aaron had died, and almost within view of that Pisgah from which Moses had viewed the Promised Land, and where he then was gathered to his fathers, I had mused, and thought, and prayed, about that great resurrection-day, when all the saints of God shall rise in their glorified bodies, and we of the latter covenant shall stand face to face with those worthies of the elder church, with whose names we are so familiar, and from whose inspired writings we derive much of our teaching, comfort, and example. There was something peculiarly touching in celebrating such a glorious festival—the queen of feasts—amid the solitude of that desert, and beneath the shadow of those magnificent granite peaks, and in the silence of the wilderness, communing with the past, and reaching forth in hope to the future. And now I saw before me the walls of that Holy City, on the first sight of which the various bands of Crusaders used to alight from their horses, and prostrate themselves in deep reverence. As I drew near, what could my thoughts be engrossed about, but the Holy Places within it, and the great events which made them sacred? and though I had enjoyed my quiet Easter in the wilderness of Parán, I was feeling considerable regret that I had not been able to keep that feast in Jerusalem. Great, then, was my satisfaction to learn, as I stood outside the Jaffa gate, that, owing to the difference in style, I was just in time for the Greek celebration of Easter.

My destination in the Holy City was the Greek convent; and though, of course, at such a time, it was full, yet the Papa, to whom I had a letter of introduction, received me kindly, and gave me sufficient accommodation. The convent stands close to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and thither, as soon as I was refreshed by the welcome hospitality of the monks, I bent my steps, wishing to view it before the great day of the feast. Since the Holy City has become an object of a winter's tour, rather than a place of religious pilgrimage in its truest sense, many of those who rush through the Holy Land in the spirit of "doing it," with which summer tourists on the Continent are made so familiar, fancy that the present church is identical with the one which the Queen Helena built, and which was the first public recognition of the sites of the crucifixion and the resurrection.

It is fifteen hundred years since the piety of Constantine's mother raised a small chapel over the spot, which in an almost miraculous manner had been ascertained to be the site of these cardinal events in man's redemption, and at a later time Constantine himself built a Basilica, called the

Martyrion, over Golgotha, which joined on to the Anastasis, or Chapel of the Resurrection; but both these long since perished beneath the hand of the destroyer, and not only these but those which were erected in their room. The first buildings fell a prey to the Persians—twice did the caliphs apply their fanatical torch to the edifices which had been successively raised. Then the Holy City fell into the hands of the Turks, but the chapel which had been erected over the Holy Sepulchre was too insignificant to attract their notice or rouse their jealousy.

At length Palestine passed for a time into the hands of the Crusaders, and they erected a larger and finer building, which enclosed both Golgotha and the Garden, and which has remained to the present day, through all the vicissitudes of seven centuries which that unhappy land, once beloved but now deserted by God, has witnessed. But yet not as the Crusaders left it. In the beginning of this century a fire, said to be malicious, consumed a great portion of the church; and at the present day ruin is impending over it. Fissures in the dome, from which a sacrilegious hand stole the metal, let in the rain, which spreads decay through the whole vault; and there is too much reason to fear that ere long the whole roof will fall in, and overwhelm with ruin the beautiful Chapel of the Anastasis. This is not the work of the infidel: it is the result of Christian jealousy and rancour. In an ill-fated hour the caliph Haroun al Raschid gave to Charlemagne the keys of the Holy Sepulchre, and with them full right and jurisdiction over it. Hence arose the claims of the Latin Church against the Church of Palestine, the orthodox Greek Church, which have been so prolific of disgraceful *émeutes*, and which lately led to the Crimean war, in consequence of the Russian emperor, the head of the Greek Church, claiming, against the so-called successor of Charlemagne, the right to the keys of the Holy Places. And this mad jealousy prevents a hand being raised to avert the impending fall of this church, which ought to be protected and preserved by the contributions of all Christians.

We enter the sacred building through the southern porch, the Gothic architecture of which photography has made so familiar to every one. In the court before it sit native Christians, who offer for sale crosses, and models of the Holy Sepulchre, made of olive-wood; cups of the asphalt which is got at the Dead Sea; mother-of-pearl caskets, with some sacred subject—as the nativity—engraved thereon; and strings of beads—black, and red, and yellow; all of which find a ready sale among the pilgrims who at this time crowd in from all the parts of the Greek Church. Not that members of other churches do not congregate here, too:

the place is sacred in the eyes of all Christians; and from all the branches of the unreformed church, orthodox or schismatic, who regard a pilgrimage as a sacred duty, representatives come here and worship at one of the numerous altars beneath the dome of Constantine.

I am not going to give a minute description of the interior of the various places to which the attention of the pious is directed by either Greek or Latin monks; but there is one sight which arrests attention, immediately on passing in, and which serves either to cause the indignation of the zealous, or to wound the deep and reverential feelings of the humble, Christian. The traveller who is unprepared for it, can scarce believe his eyes when he sees a band of Turkish soldiers, with their arms piled beside them, sitting down on a mat within that porch, some smoking, others playing cards, and all evidently regarding the spot in no higher light than an ordinary guard-room. Though a visit to any of these Holy Places does not elicit the flood of religious feeling which one would expect, yet no earnest Christian can enter upon any of them without having his heart more or less stirred within him; but every holy emotion is driven back by the sight of the followers of the false prophet on this spot of Christ's sufferings and victory, and bitter is the feeling caused by the reflection that they are here as lords and masters. But though I felt this, I was much more pained when I learned that they were stationed here to keep peace and order among the Christian worshippers, who would otherwise bite and devour one another; and mournfully did I compare this state of disunited Christendom with the time of yore, when the heathen could look around on the mass of Christians, and be forced to say, "Behold, how they love one another." But it must be borne. The scimitar of the Turk keeps the peace around the sepulchre shrine of Jesus, and no remedy can be found, so long as the Christian Powers of the East and the West remain jealous of each other's interference.

Gulping down the sorrow and indignation which this sight excites, I pass on, and on entering that part of the church over which the great dome rises, I see the sacred shrine of the sepulchre standing in the centre. It is, in fact, a small chapel, built over the new tomb in the rock from which Jesus rose. This chapel consists of two parts, the ante-chapel, and the inner one in which is the tomb. This is not exposed to view, being completely encased with slabs of marble, the upper one forming an altar, on which stand candles, and flowers, and a crucifix, it being used by the Latins for their service. It is a spot respecting which, though the doubter may say much, the reverent pilgrim must be silent—a spot which, for fifteen hundred years, has been regarded as the very one where Jesus obtained his victory over the grave, and which multitudes of

Christians believe to be truly so regarded. I so look upon it; and yet if I were to attempt to give expression to the thoughts of my heart as I knelt there, I should find it impossible to do so. I thought of the angels descending to roll away the stone on that very identical spot; of Jesus rising in the power of his Divine humanity; of the searching, loving woman, to whom he said "Weep not;" and as I said to myself, "This, this is the very place," I more resembled the quaking keepers than the devout Christian. Would that I had no other recollection of my visit to that spot than what my own feelings were; but, alas! it is associated with the sight of a spectacle wonderful and painful—I mean the descent of the Greek fire, a wretched imposition practised by Christian bishops, in the holy of holies, on their deluded and ignorant followers. I must try to describe it.

The shrine of the Holy Sepulchre stands in the centre of a rotunda, just like the Temple Church, which was built in imitation of it, the walls of which are pierced with galleries, which rise one above another. These, as well as the floor of the rotunda, are filled to suffocation with devotees from all parts of the Russian Empire, clothed in every conceivable variety of dress, speaking a great variety of languages and dialects, the representatives of the numerous sects and churches into which the once great Byzantine Church is split. One is reminded of the great gathering there was in this same city eighteen hundred years ago, at the last Feast of Pentecost, when, as the speakers of the mixed multitude alleged, there were people of sixteen different nations present, who heard the apostles declaring, in their several tongues, the wonderful works of God. Many, if not most, of these were represented now. Of this mixed multitude, to be reckoned by thousands, the great majority had slept or remained in the church all night, turning its sacred enclosure into a bedlam. The great object is to obtain a light from the fire which, at a certain hour, is supposed to be sent down from heaven; and as the efficacy of the flame is considered to be greater in proportion to the nearness of its reception to the tomb from which it issues, great are the struggles and fierce the contention for a good place near the sepulchre, as the time of the descent draws nigh. Looking down from the gallery above upon the dense, closely-packed mass below, the scene is an awful one. Men fighting and cursing one another, sweeping now here now there, but the mass gravitating, with fearful weight and awful looks of hatred and excitement, towards the Holy Sepulchre. The uproar is occasionally increased, rather than allayed, by the onslaught of the Turkish guard, who rush in to seize some conspicuous fanatic, making a way for themselves simply by knocking the people down. Bands of Nestorians, of Armenians, of Copts, of



Drawn by PAUL GRAY.

Engraved by DALZIELS.

"Katie wanders by the stream,
And a pearly tear falls in it."—p. 502.

Syrians, of Greeks, shout out their asseverations of particular redemption, and claim each for themselves the exclusive efficacy of Christ's redeeming work; and so the war of words goes on, and we see enacted there, with frightful clamour and gesticulation, the theological strife which is conducted among Western Churches with less noise, but not less bitterness. At length above all this are heard the magnificent voices of the Greek priests chanting in deep tones the "Kyrie Eleison," and from the Greek church, under the smaller dome of Constantine, issues a procession of priests and bishops, clothed in the gorgeous robes of the Eastern hierarchy, and bearing numerous banners with great variety of colour and device. They move with difficulty through the mass of people to the sacred tomb, pressed upon and driven in by the surging crowds: three times they encompass the Holy Sepulchre, and then one of the Greek bishops, called the "Fire Bishop," accompanied by the Armenian Patriarch, passes into the sepulchre, and the door is shut. Each moment shows you what you previously believed impossible—that the frenzy, the fury, the passion of the mob increases: yell succeeds and exceeds yell: clamour rises upon clamour, and at this point the uproar is so great, that if a cannon were fired in the church the report could scarce be heard. Some minutes elapse after the bishops have gone in, and fierce are the struggles to get close to the orifice in the wall of the sepulchre, through which the bishop hands out the fire; and when at length it comes, no one who has not beheld the scene can have any idea of the frenzy and fury of the multitude of people. One

man struggles to bear his lighted torch to the door of the church, where stands a fleet horse, on which he bears it with speed to the Greek convent at the neighbouring Bethlehem; others rush to different parts of the church to supply their friends or co-religionists; and all eagerly strive to light their tapers as speedily as possible. It is, as it were, the reverse of the Roman macoletti, but infinitely more boisterous and unruly. In a shorter space of time than it has taken to describe the scene, the flame has spread from the floor to the roof of the church, and of the multitudes within it there is not one who does not hold a lighted taper. With eagerness each person draws his hand across the flame, and, as it were, thrusts it down his throat. Again and again he repeats the same action, and conveys it to every part of his body. Women wash their arms and bosoms with it, and singe their children in their eagerness to make them partakers of the holy fire, and when they have made it lick them all round as much as possible, they fold the taper up in a white cloth, brought for the purpose, which is hereafter to be their winding-sheet. And now the hubbub begins to subside, and, in a short time, comparative calm exists where there had been a commotion of human voices and passions that out-rivalled the howls and roars of the storm-lashed ocean.

Oh! Such is the dreadful scene which, year after year, takes place around the spot where the Prince of Peace was laid in a peaceful tomb! Will none of the Christian Powers of Europe speak the word which would suppress this Christian pandemonium—this disgrace to the name of Christ? J. H. A.

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE END WITHOUT THE ENDS.

"They bought the gem of worldly wealth,
And paid their conscience and their health,
While the pedlar cried, 'Come, buy! come, buy!'
Oh, the pedlar! the knavish pedlar!
The fiend in pedlar's guise was he,
Selling and buying, cheating and lying:
Maranatha and woe is me!"

CHARLES MACKAY.



AS soon as affairs at Austwicke permitted, on the conclusion of a gloomy day for the season, Norman was on his way back to Woodford. But first he conducted Mr. Austwicke and his son to the court in Church Street, Commercial Road. The house had lost its rank look of teeming life; it was shut up as if stifled in its dirt. They pulled each of the three bell-handles on the door-post in turn, but the wires seemed cut, and the bells gone. They beat on the panels of the door, and a slipshod girl opposite called

to them, that Mrs. Owen was gone, "had cut and run," as the girl phrased it, "a week ago. If the gents wanted her, vy so did the perleese, and old Screw too, he wanted her vurst of hall."

"We do not want her," said Norman, "but a lodger, Mr. Burke." The girl shook her tumbled head and laughed vaguely. They were about to retreat, baffled, when Allan Austwicke thought he saw a gleam of light through a crevice in the dilapidated door, and they all renewed their knocking. Presently the door was partly opened, and Norman, at a glance, saw that the man they sought was holding it. Norman threw himself so suddenly forward that the door yielded instantly, and all three stood in the passage. The man who was holding a dim, guttering bit of candle, retreated to the stairs, as if at bay.

Allan shut the door—for already, the faces of some idlers of the court were peering in. Then looking round, they had an opportunity of noticing the place

and person before them. Both were miserable, but the man intensely so. He had crouched down, breathless on the stairs; and now as he panted, his eyes gleamed from under his shaggy brows, like those of a savage animal about to spring. Mr. Austwicke and the young men saw at once, however, that the glance was not of terror, but desperation, and, it might be—defiance. All were silent, and the first who broke the pause was Burke. In gasps, he said—

“Well. What—do—you—want?”

“I charge you with conspiracy, and obtaining money under false pretences,” said Mr. Austwicke.

“Have ye taken my accomplice, then?”

“Wretch, whom do you mean?”

“Miss Austwicke,” sneered the man, with malice gleaming in every pucker of his shrivelled face. “Miss Honor Austwicke. What, have you come here to brow-beat me? Take me where you like, I’ve less to fear than the grand Miss Honor.” He paused for breath, and then added, “Would you like to see her letters? They’re ready for any magistrate. She was my employer.” He was interrupted by a cough that was not simulated, which shook every fibre of his frame. It was a ghastly exhibition, and the words he had uttered were miserably true.

Mr. Austwicke had expected a creeping obsequiousness and guilty fear, but this man, amid the torments of a stifling asthma, hurled his defiance at them. Little as Norman could know of human nature, he was so struck with the great change in look and manner that a few days had produced in the man, that he involuntarily came to the conclusion that something unusual must have happened in the interval.

“You are miserably ill, old man,” he said. “Why do you meet those you have injured in this way?”

Something of pity in the tone did what threats could not do—probed to the quick some hidden grief. Burke trembled and uttered a heavy groan. “Miserably ill? I’m ruined—I’m robbed. Do your worst. I care not what ye do.”

He flung himself back along the stairs, clenched his hands, and rolled over in an agony of pain or despair. An arm shook the door, and Norman, whose hand was on the lock, opened it. A policeman came in, evidently knowing Burke, and, without bestowing more than a passing glance on the gentlemen, said—

“Come, master, don’t take on so. The neighbours complain they’ve had no rest for your yelling all last night. Where’s the use? You can’t stop the ship, it’s sailed, but you can follow it. Be a man.”

But the miserable being only writhed, gasped, and gave panting shrieks between his breath in reply. He appeared to be in a paroxysm, that rendered him insensible to all around him. The policeman soon observed Mr. Austwicke more particularly, and explained, in answer to his inquiries, that Burke asserted he had been robbed by the woman of the house, who had contrived to delude the old man with a false message of something to his advantage in the country, and, while he was gone, had made off with, what the man called, “a pretty swag.” But he added, in a low voice, “They were all much of a muchness. She was an

arrant swindler, and so was her husband, Dick Major, who died only last winter, in Pentonville Prison.”

The man intimated in an undertone to Mr. Austwicke, that Burke would not be likely to press the charge in a public court, for very cogent reasons of his own.

So punishment had come, and in the shape of all others the most agonising to the wretched creature. He had schemed, and lied, and toiled, and starved, for lust of gain—had collected his spoils together, paid his passage in the *Loch na Gar*, which had been delayed in sailing, and lost all at a stroke.

The policeman spoke truth: his frantic howling had disturbed the neighbours. He had neither ate nor slept since his return, but, after wildly telling the policeman of his loss, had laid on a hearthstone in an upper front room, beneath which he had kept his hoard, thinking it unknown. Now that it was rifled he had torn it up again and again, in a frenzy of despair. When he heard the beating at the door, that evening, he had looked out, knew his visitors, and guessed their errand, but cared now for nothing: his idol was shattered, and he with it.

In the midst of their natural loathing, they could not leave the miserable spectacle without some attempt at helping him. Mr. Austwicke directed that a doctor should be sent for, some neighbourly poor women came in, and they left the wretched creature to their care.

The sequel of Burke’s history is soon told. He was removed that very night, raving mad, to the parish lunatic ward. He did not either die or recover. In the incurable ward of a great asylum there sits a frightful object drawn together, his arms clasping his knees, on which his chin rests. He notices no one, but, peering suspiciously out of his eyes, overhung by shaggy brows, he pants now and then, in a wheezy voice, the one word, “Robbed!—Robbed!”

CHAPTER LXV.

CONCLUSION.

“Life’s ills gave all its joys a treble zest,
Before the mind completely understood
That mighty truth—HOW HAPPY ARE THE GOOD!”

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

AMID all the changes that had occurred, there was one heart whose joy was unmixed by any shade of sorrow. This was the good and gentle Marian Hope, now Marian Nugent. She had wished for the restoration of the youth who was as a younger brother to her, and that wish had been realised, and brought a joy neither she nor her father had ventured to calculate on. That Norman had both a noble and kindly nature, they had both believed; but that he would manifest such steady working qualities and studious capabilities as had won Professor Griesbach’s approval, agreeably surprised them; and that he should be capable of a lofty sacrifice, rather than injure others, or call attention to a blot in a family history, was a generosity that elevated him in their esteem more than if he had been the acknowledged heir to a dukedom.

Mysie, too, never had loved Norman half so well, in their somewhat wrangling childhood, when she had

thought him her twin brother, as now that she wept over the discovery that his only kinship was kindness. She and Gertrude were to have been the bridesmaids at Marian's wedding, but Miss Austwicke's terrific death, and the revelations that had followed, prevented their being present, and Marian had her secret wish gratified in a most private marriage, her husband's sisters only being present. Miss Nugent had joined her sister, Mrs. Maynard, at the school, and Mr. Hope had removed, on the very day of his daughter's wedding, to the parsonage, where, on their return from a little wedding-trip of a week, he was the first to welcome them home. He had many letters to give them from friends, and one to show them that had been sent to himself: it was from Professor Griesbach, and contained little more than one paragraph—

SIR,—I glad you and I have had, between us, the bringing up of a young man likely to do us credit. I think I shall make him a good chemist. You, sir, by God's blessing, have made him a good man. As to his being heir to any name or estate is very secondary. He will make a name, and, perhaps, even according to fools' estimate, something to back it. At least, while he is what he is, I mean to back him.

The Professor, who, though not rich, had never lived at a fifth of his income, and possessed a competence, was as good as his word. Though, perhaps, it would have been an excess of generosity which Dr. Griesbach, on his children's account, might not have approved, if his relative had actually adopted Norman, yet it was, somehow, very soon discovered that such adoption would be no injury to the Professor's own family. His niece, Ella, at all events, would benefit by it, for that oldest of all electric telegraphs, the sympathy of the human heart, soon conveyed the tidings of Norman and Ella's mutual love to all whom it concerned; so there was no complaining in that quarter. "No complaining!" that is a very inadequate statement: there was great rejoicing. For once the course of true love did run smooth. The youth who thought more of an honest name than of worldly wealth, had the most inestimable of all treasures—a loving, faithful heart—bestowed on him.

Two marriages followed. Marian's, after a longish interval—that of Rupert and little True; and at the end of the prescribed time of probation, not a day before, Allan also received his blooming Mysie as a bride.

It may be that prudential considerations had weighed with Mr. Austwicke in postponing his son's union. He wanted, no doubt, to be convinced that Norman Austwicke, in assuming his rightful name, would adhere deliberately in manhood to what he had promised in his minority.

Mrs. Basil Austwicke had been so racked by fears that Norman would not resign his claim, that she had been compelled to leave England for one of the German spas; and, though she had compelled herself to write to little True civilly, she had declared herself unequal to seeing her—a loss of patronage by no means irreparable to young Mrs. Rupert Griesbach, who had now so many compensations, that her loving heart was full of joy and gratitude.

It was the sweet summer time when Mysie and Allan were married, and they did not stand alone at the altar: another bride and bridegroom were there, Ella and

Norman; and, though in this story there has, it must be confessed, been a sad lack of millinery, yet lady readers may be assured that little True, who, loving all that was bright and elegant, quite believed the laureate's words—

"That beauty should go beautifully,"

had devised the wedding dresses. White silk and filmy lace, and wreaths of myrtle and orange-blossom, could not add to the stately charms of Mysie, the brunette, or the delicate sweetness of Ella, the blonde, but they embellished them, doubtless.

It was what the spectators called a beautiful wedding: it was more—the true union of loving hearts and faithful souls that makes real marriage. Bystanders could not know, as they saw the two young men, Allan and Norman Austwicke, at the ceremony, that they were more than cousins; none but the family connections knew the tie that bound them as something more even than brothers: they were friends—a rivalry of generosity was the only rivalry that had subsisted between them.

Allan was resolved, when he came into the estate, that he would divide it. Meanwhile he had rejoiced that his father had given little True a larger fortune than the daughters of the Austwicke house, in its palmiest days, had ever received.

Norman, as Miss Austwicke had not made a will, was heir-at-law to what was left of the property she had used in bringing shame and misery to herself; but Norman would not have it: he gave it to the hospital of St. Jude, sure that, whatever charitable institutions may be found wanting, hospitals always must do good.

As to any compensation for the Austwicke acres, there could be no more mention of it when Norman, being of age, said, finally—

"I resign my birthright—I do not sell it."

He made his wedding tour in Scotland, went through some sorrowful scenes; and Ella knew, and communicated to her brother Rupert's wife, whom alone it concerned, that Norman had put, in a mountain cemetery of the western Highlands, a plain stone over a grave that he had with some care sought out. The grave contained the bones that had been found in the shaft; and it was regarded as a mere freak that the young Englishman should distinguish the spot by a slab, and cause the word "*Resurgam*" to be engraved thereon. "But," said bystanders, "the rich and the young have their fancies, and, if they can pay for them, why not?"

And now, seeing that our married couples are all still young people, bearing the heat and burden of the day, we cannot conclude our narrative with the old words, "and they lived happy ever after," for the life of all is chequered; some soft clouds in a summer's sky soften the brightness: but they began their responsibilities with the principles which alone are likely to ensure happiness. Not one of them, under any temptation, would be likely to make the mistake of attempting to prop up a household by falsehood and concealment. They all knew the truth and practised it—that Christian rectitude and stainless integrity form the only firm basis of Family Honour.

THE END.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

SILKWORMS.



WONDER what you will keep next, Edmund!" said his little sister. "Why, mamma, I do declare he has a box full of the most hideous little caterpillars."

"You little goose!" replied her brother; "they are silkworms—harmless creatures enough; I do not think they are so very ugly."

"I don't care what they are called," said the child. "For my part, I wish there were not so many nasty crawling insects; I cannot possibly see what good they can be; they only annoy everyone, and——"

"Stop, Emily," said Mrs. Pierpoint; "you are talking at random. The reason you see no use in insects, is because you are only an ignorant little girl. If you knew, for instance, of what great use these little silkworms are, I should never have heard you utter that silly speech. If it were not for those hideous little creatures (as you call them), you would never have had that pretty silk dress grandmamma gave you, and your nice jacket. You have to thank the silkworms for these."

"Oh! mamma," exclaimed Emily, laughing, "you are in fun. They did not buy the silk or make them up."

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Pierpoint; "they did more; they made the silk, in the first instance."

"Really, mamma, are you in earnest? for it does seem so very funny that such tiny creatures should make enough silk for so many dresses and jackets. Do tell me more about it, mamma. I shall begin to think we could hardly do without them."

"It is, indeed, wonderful," said Mrs. Pierpoint. "Listen to me, my child, and I will tell you what I know of these useful little things. They grow mostly in the south of Italy, and breed in thousands on the mulberry-trees, to the leaves of which they suspend their cocoons."

"What are 'cocoons,' mamma?" inquired Emily, who was now all attention.

"Silkworms spin their silk in the shape of a little egg. This is called a cocoon. It is taken by the gatherer, and the silk is wound off by a machine, and inside there is a little grub, which, after ten days, is changed into a light yellow moth, which lays tiny white eggs, not bigger than the head of a common-sized pin, on the leaves of the mulberry-tree, and then dies. The moths are not generally supposed to live more than a week, and the eggs turn to silkworms."

"Thank you, mamma; I shall take a real pleasure

in watching Edmund's, after I have heard so much about them."

"I hope, my dear," said Mrs. Pierpoint, "that this will teach you a good and useful lesson. Never despise anything that God has made, however small and insignificant in appearance. Everything is of use in its way, only our minds are so little that we cannot always see how, and only silly, affected people are afraid of and dislike insects."

"Yes, mamma," said Emily, "I own I was very silly and thoughtless, and I am sure, dear mamma, you will not hear me call them hideous little creatures again."

E. N.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. Who was the second human life to take?
2. The town where Gideon did his God forsake.
3. Where did Abimelech his brothers slay?
4. What treacherous town sought David to betray?
5. Whose faithless servants took their master's life?
6. The man whose sister Esau took to wife.
7. What son in Egypt was to Hadad born?
8. What priest to Egypt fled, and thence was torn?
9. Whose son from pique his master's cause forsook?
10. What rival half the land from Omri took?
11. Who joined with Korah in his heinous sin?
12. Smiting what town did Joab favour win?
13. What Bethlehemite Goliath's brother slew?
14. The noted well whence Joab Abner drew.
15. Who at the seige of Rabbah lost his life?
16. The place where wept and prayed Elkanah's wife.

Christian, thy course before thee spreads—
Thy goal before thine eyes;
Look straight at it, and swiftly run,
So shalt thou gain the prize.

THE WATERCRESS GIRL.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.



WATERCRESS! fine watercress!

My cress I took
From shallow brook
Some miles away,
At break of day,

While slumbering in your beds you lay:
Bunches a penny, some at less—
Buy my cress, my watercress!

Watercress! fresh watercress!

Begin with stream
Of limpid gleam,
And crowned with dew—
'Twas thus it grew;

No wonder 'tis so bright of hue!
Bunches a penny, some at less—
Buy my cress, my watercress!

Watercress! fine watercress!

Far, far from home

Have I to roam

To gain some bread,

And keep the bed

Whereon my mother lies dead—dead!

Bunches a penny, some at less—

Buy my cress, my watercress!

Watercress! fine watercress!

To-morrow they

Will roughly lay

In pauper grave

My mother brave,

Who starved herself my life to save!

Bunches a penny, some at less—

Buy my cress, my watercress!

KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE WAY OF MAKING A PRESENT.



HE quaint little town of Guines, in the Pas de Calais, is chiefly known to English people as the place where many children of British birth are sent to school, in the fond, but often fallacious hope that they may attain a knowledge of the French language, and a competent education in other branches, on economic terms. As the young folks, for the most part, have no other school companions than the sturdy little natives of England, French is not so certain to be acquired; and the multitudinous "other branches"—if they grow at all, in that scholastic atmosphere—are apt to be tangled and unpruned; and the delightful task of "teaching the young idea how to shoot" often results in making it shoot in a wrong direction. But one benefit, it must be admitted, is certainly gained: health comes in the light, pure, saline air that blows over that sandy soil; and books by no means absorb the attention of the scholars, to the exclusion of recreation.

There is an extensive tract of woodland stretching away towards Dunkirk, under the leafy shades of which, on stated days that recur very frequently in the summer season, the children of the various schools have what in England is called a "pic-nic."

Madame le Blanc, the owner of the Maison de l'Etoile, selected Fridays for the excursion of her pupils into the woods; and their chief rendezvous was a place called Ballon, within easy distance of Guines. The name of the spot was given in commemoration of the first balloon having fallen there; and that event is commemorated by a pillar, erected on a green knoll that rises in a cleared and now green space, surrounded by the woods, and approached by grassy footpaths, through what, to English eyes, is more like extensive thicket, or copse, than forest: for the trees are no more like English oaks and elms than a small, dark, slender Frenchman is like a tall English Lifeguardsman, or a hard, stalwart Scotch Highlander. Nevertheless, they are pleasant woods, with many a bushy dell, shady nook, and winding glade; and all the pleasanter when they echo to the laughter of childhood—whether it be the boisterous merriment of boyhood, or the more light, rippling chime of little maidens' voices.

Madame le Blanc's flock were out in the woods, on

a bright, fine day. They had strolled about, in little companies, and played at all sorts of games, for some hours; and the simple refreshments of tartine and milk had been supplemented by a capital find of wild strawberries, with which, in June, the woods abound. Evening was coming on, and in another half-hour the whole troop, of some thirty girls, between the ages of twelve and eighteen, would be gathered together, to return home. Meanwhile, they dispersed for a last game of "hide-and-seek," under the shadowy branches of the thickest part of the wood—all but one, who, looking weary, seated herself on the knoll, at the before-named foot of the memorial-stone. She was a pale, thin girl, with delicate, mobile features, and great, anxious-looking dark eyes.

It was arranged that this spot was to be the gathering-place where all were to assemble, and any who were tired with the day's amusements could remain there. Only this girl had availed herself of the permission. She drew a book out of a little bag that hung on her arm, and was soon deep in the study of it—so absorbed, indeed, that the faint echo of her young companions' laughter, as it came from a distance, was unheard, as, also, was a footstep drawing near; though, indeed, it was not wonderful that footstep was not heard for it was that of a woman, and not so much merely light, as purposely stealthy in its approach. If the young girl with her book had been on the watch, it is doubtful whether, amid the thick screen of leaves, now in all their summer luxuriance, she could have detected that there was one lying in ambush, who, through the live-long day, had been peeping under green boughs, or hiding in the thicket, most carefully screening herself from observation, and yet ready to seize her opportunity, and dart out, if occasion served. Hitherto, if such was her intention, she had been baffled, for the young people were all in groups—not one seemingly alone, until now. The watcher crept from behind a small clump of trees, and ventured forward into the open space—fastening her eyes, with an intensely eager gaze, upon the absorbed young reader, as she gained upon her with fleet, noiseless tread. In a few seconds the woman stood behind the unconscious girl, and bent forward, almost touching the young head, as it drooped over the page.

Some uneasy consciousness broke the spell of absorbed attention, and the reader, raising herself, swept back her thick curls, and opened her large eyes inquiringly, as she turned her head and confronted the face that was

leaning close to her. A startled cry rose to the lips of the younger, but was checked instantly by the hasty, yet authoritative "Hush!" of the woman, who said—

"Don't be frightened, child. Hush! Tell me, do you know Edina Somerville?"

"I am Edina, but not Somerville. I am Edina Smith."

"Are you?—are you?" Oh, I thought so; all day I thought so."

The woman spoke thick, as if the beating of her heart impeded utterance, and she trembled visibly.

The young girl let her book fall, and rose, alarmed at the manner, more than the incoherent words of the speaker, and said, with considerable tact—

"You asked for the name of Somerville: we have no one of that name at my school. I must go."

"Stay; I implore you, stay. Your name is Edina; who are your parents? Tell me, dear child; tell me. Come under the cover of the wood—come."

"My grandfather has put me here. Why do you ask me? No, I will not come a single step."

The young girl was now thoroughly alarmed. The prohibition against speaking to strangers was not, in her agitation, remembered; but the manner of this woman was so excited that an older person might well be startled. The stranger was deadly pale, and so miserably thin, that every nerve, as it worked and twitched round her bloodless lips, was perceptible; and her deep-set eyes shone like lurid lights under her strongly-marked brow. A thick, flapping veil of rusty crape fell over a large, slouching bonnet, and partially obscured her features, while a long, dark cloak hid all but the height and thinness of her form.

"Don't go," she exclaimed. "Let me look at you a moment. I've watched you all day."

"Me? I tell you my name is not Somerville. You cannot know me."

The woman reached out her hand to clasp the arm of the young girl, when there came near and yet nearer the sound of approaching feet and merry peals of laughter.

"Take this, and keep it for my sake," gasped the poor creature, panting as she spoke, like a hunted animal. "Say not a word, unless you want to injure me—to ruin me."

She threw a thin hair chain, while she spoke, over the young girl's head, and thrust what seemed a locket into the folds of her muslin dress, and then darted away as swiftly and as noiselessly as she came, her cloak fluttering amid the trees. Just then three school-girls came into sight, running a race which was to end at the pillar, and trying to throw out their arms and impede each other, with a girlish disregard of fair play which would have earned them the derision, if not contempt, of their brothers. The foremost tripped over Edina's book, which had fallen to the ground, and her companions, scrambling past, came both impetuously forward, head foremost, on the green walk at the base of the monument.

"Edda, Edda, I should have won, but for your tiresome book. It's all your fault," said the discomfited girl, rising from the ground, and too annoyed at her defeat to notice anything remarkable in the face of the com-

panion whom she blamed, while, the next moment, all three were deciding to run again; but two governesses made their appearance. From an ivory whistle one of them sounded the shrill call that summoned the school to the gathering-place, and, in a few minutes after, they were all in due rank and file, walking swiftly towards the *Maison de l'Etoile*.

There is a great difference between a home-bred and a school-bred girl in this particular: the former is more frank and communicative. In the sweet sanctuary of a happy home there is no need of reticence. The thoughts of childhood, as they rise in the mind, naturally flow from the lips. Foolish, fond, wilful, vague—no matter, out they all come, in sweet unreserve and happy confusion. But at school, that miniature world, reticence is learned early. Girls have their store of secrets and foolish little mysteries, which they do not always share with even their closest friend. At all events, it was not Edina Smith's custom to speak her thoughts. She had been too much repressed in a joyless, loveless childhood to have the habit of frankness. There had been too little sunshine in her lot to cause the buds and blossoms of her mind and heart to expand readily. So she walked home with her companions in silence, revolving the strange incident that had occurred, and which she would almost have thought she must have fallen asleep and dreamt, but that round her neck was the little hair chain; and she had hid more carefully than it had been first placed there the locket within the bosom of her dress, ardently longing to get home, that she might examine it, and get, as she hoped, some solution of the mystery.

She racked her brain to think whether she had ever seen the woman who had thus startled her before. It did not take Edina long to recall every place in which her brief life had passed, for she had known but two abodes—one a very poor place, with her nurse, on the coast of Sussex; and thence, on the death of that nurse, she had been brought to the school at Guines. She had never known a single relative, but she did know—for that had been told her by her nurse, and again by Madame le Blanc—that her grandfather maintained her. He had been a widower many, many years, and had lost all his own family, two grandchildren alone remaining—Edina, the youngest, now nearly seventeen, whom he had never seen, the daughter of his only daughter, and Gilbert, his son's child. Whether this grandfather of hers were rich or poor, Edina did not know: she rather thought the latter, for though her removal, some years before, from Sussex to France, had been a change for the better as to her circumstances, it had certainly not introduced the child to much of comfort; and her allowance for clothes and pocket-money was so scanty, that she fully believed Madame le Blanc's statement, about reduced terms being paid for her, and that therefore she must "make herself useful," which certainly meant "work hard" at all the hundred and one tasks that fall to the lot of a sort of articulated pupil, who has neither the status of a scholar nor the authority of a teacher, and oscillates between both, getting a full share of scoldings and hardships, and knowing no holiday through all the dreary year.

A life the changes in which had been so few, could be soon reviewed. And one thing was certain—the face of that woman who had waylaid her in the wood was unknown. On the retrospect, Edina could not decide whether the stranger was young or old. She certainly was both ill and ill-dressed: the latter fact was most perceptible. A school-girl's thoughts, too, about personal matters would not be very clear, for when did early youth look at form and features approvingly, if colour, fulness, decoration, were wanting? Edina felt sure the woman was perfectly frightful—dark, hideous, with fierce eyes, burning like two coals. Now, had it been a sweet, beautiful lady, charmingly dressed, as French ladies are; or bright-complexioned, dimpled, and smiling, like many English ladies whom Edina had seen when they came to visit the pupils, she would have felt a pleasure in the meeting. Indeed, being somewhat imaginative and reflective, as a lonely childhood often makes people, she would have constructed a little romance out of the sufficiently strange incident. As it was, she had no disposition to name it and get laughed at—always a great dread with her. One thing alone was certain, the woman was English. No Frenchwoman, however fluent in our island speech, could pronounce quite like that.

Edina had just come to this conclusion, when the gates of the Maison de l'Etoile were reached, and the whole troop, tired, and, it may be, a little cross, for that is a common effect of the reaction of spirits, entered the courtyard, and were soon making their evening meal, and preparing for rest.

Edina had to help some of the elder pupils, who had neglected their exercises for the next day; and she had also to attend to several of the younger ones, as they retired for the night. How late she would have been employed, it is impossible to say, but that she had taken some of the work of others in a satchel to the woods, and made up arrears while they played, and so she did at last get to the little screened-off nook at the upper end of a dormitory for the younger scholars, and was able, by the light of a bright summer moon—for no other light, at that season, was allowed—to look at the locket which had come so strangely into her possession.

To her surprise, she found it was a picture—a delicately-executed miniature on ivory. It depicted a very lovely and striking face, a brunette, with the beaming eyes, white brow, glossy raven tresses, and rich bloom of cheek and lip which make that order of beauty so fascinating and expressive. The young girl held the sweet picture in the moonbeam, and curiously traced all its details with an admiring eye. Indeed, she was too intent on examining it to notice the handsome setting of the miniature, or, indeed, to care for that if she had noticed it. At last she turned to the reverse side of the picture, and saw a plain tress of light hair and some initials in tiny seed pearls, arranged in a fantastic monogram difficult to decipher.

How long Edina would have stayed trying to make out these letters was doubtful. She was soon interrupted by hearing the soft, measured tread of the superintendent of the dormitories making her last rounds for the night: at which sound I am constrained to admit that Edina hastily crept into bed, dressed as she was, and, holding the miniature fast in her hand, nestled down her head in the pillow and slept rather elaborately. Yes, I'm sorry the poor child could so easily do this; but she had never been told by a good, true-hearted mother that the lie acted is as bad as the lie spoken. She had puzzled her way in life so far, guided by ordinary school-girl moralities, and I am afraid they are not either very lofty or very thorough.

When, hurriedly, our faulty Edina did retire properly to rest, her chief thought was a wish for the morning, that she might more carefully examine her treasure—for such she considered it. And as that wish, unlike many, was sure in a few hours to be realised, she slept soundly; and when she opened her eyes in the rosy light of morning, rejoiced that if she had been the last to sleep, she was the first to wake, and soon began to scrutinise the picture. She noticed a little spring, which, on being pressed, made the setting open. There was nothing within the space but a small scrap of paper, on which was written, in a very minute, delicate hand, "Your mother's picture. Keep it for her sake."

(To be continued.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "THE QUIVER LIFEBOAT."—(TWENTIETH LIST.)

[We shall be glad if those who are still collecting for the Lifeboat Fund will kindly send in their amounts as soon as possible, as our list must very shortly be closed.]

Acknowledged in No. 31 .. 1,753	£ s. d.	T. A. Rueggery, 15, Maitland	£ s. d.	H. B. R., Waterloo	£ s. d.	R. Braden, Jun., 22, Upper	£ s. d.
H. Hearne, Hendon Sunday-school	0 1 0	St. Park Terrace	0 13 0	E. A. W., Hereford	0 14 0	York Street	0 11 0
Master Ringe, Hendon Sunday-school	0 1 4	A Subscriber, near Drogheda	0 3 0	Miss Grimwood, Whitecombe	0 1 6	Rev. W. Jackson, Falkenham	2 3 0
T. F. Smith, Radford	0 1 0	F. E. Johnson, 10, Lorraine Road	0 5 0	M. H. G., Hampstead Heath	0 1 6	J. Gibson, Anderston	0 4 6
Mrs. Reid, Georgina Villa, Cheltenham	0 10 0	D. Newman, Laytown, Fawley	0 0 6	S. Brown, Spynham	0 7 6	J. T. Jackson, 62, Curzon St., Leicester	0 14 0
Master W. Luger, Westport, Ireland	0 4 6	E. Holland, Ellesmere	0 1 4	Mrs. Spruace, Sheffield	0 3 6	H. T. Upper, Edmonton	0 3 0
Three Little Girls, Park Bridge	0 3 6	A. Shepherd, 84, Hereford Sq.	0 0 6	H. W. Tite and Family, Stalbridge	0 3 6	Mr. H. Austin, Atherstone	0 3 6
Miss A. S. Clarke, Houghton	0 3 6	J. C. Hunfrey, Clifton	0 5 6	J. N. S., Jun., Liverpool	0 3 6	M. A., Bradford	0 3 6
Mrs. J. Shopland, Walham Green	0 4 0	W. Burland, 130, St. James Street South	0 2 3	W. G. Ham, Little Turville	0 5 0	G. Kirkham, Adelphi	0 5 0
Mrs. Uster, 2, Richmond Terrace, Clifton	0 14 6	W. M. Rogers, Newmarket	0 3 0	J. Lucas, Lymington	0 1 3	Scott, Shrewsbury	0 3 0
Mrs. Warren, Freshford, Ireland	0 2 0	R. Hill, Finchley	0 8 0	W. G. Ham, Little Turville	0 5 0	Lucas S., Hallowell, Bradford	0 5 7
Mrs. Munro, Clapcill Manor	0 3 0	A. Shepherd, 84, Hereford Sq.	0 0 6	Mrs. Haunce, Brixton	0 3 6	E. A. Powell, Bristol	0 3 3
Boys of the British School, Croydon	0 15 0	Miss Collishaw, Hopley Grantham	0 3 0	S. Taylor, Brixton	0 1 0	M. A. Friele, Gt. St. Helen's	0 5 6
J. H. Strong, Yeovil	0 1 6	Leslie, Goldstone	0 3 0	W. Evans, Luton	0 3 0	M. Priestley, Commercial Rd. E.	0 2 6
Sinclair, Retings, City	0 1 10	R. T. C. M.	0 2 0	H. Newman, Warwick	0 1 6	J. H. Jackson, Alnwick	0 2 0
Miss E. Hallowes	0 0 10	Mrs. Presslee, Barnet	0 2 6	W. Bell, Weston-super-Mare	0 1 3	Isaac Hardy, Chesterfield	0 6 6
X. Y. Z., Ashburnham Grove	0 0 6	J. Humm, Great Watley	0 5 0	R. L. Thorpe and Friends, Andover	0 6 8	H. Varley, Slathwaite	0 5 6
		Friends at Worcester	0 5 0	H. D. Henderson, Sydney	0 1 6	Jane C. Chesser	0 7 0
		Lillie Shelton, Derby	0 2 6	J. Lawford, Keston Town	0 5 0	J. H., Market Bosworth	0 0 8
		A. E. Hayden, Skelton Rectory	0 7 6	Three Readers of The Quiver, Clonsallamore	0 1 8	E. Osborne and Friends, 210, Kentish Town	0 2 0
		M. R. Ferguson, Cornworthy	0 11 0	Mrs. Stanton, 2, George St., E.	0 11 7		
		T. Lawrence, Southwark	0 5 0	N. O. & J. J. Oliver, Devonport	0 2 0		
		G. H. Akhurst, 34 & 36, Bankside	0 11 0			Total	1,773 8 6